The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI APRIL, 1959 Number 1

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March,
Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch,
And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day,
We hear the warm panting of beautiful May.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Edgewater Beach Hotel

5300 Sheridan Road

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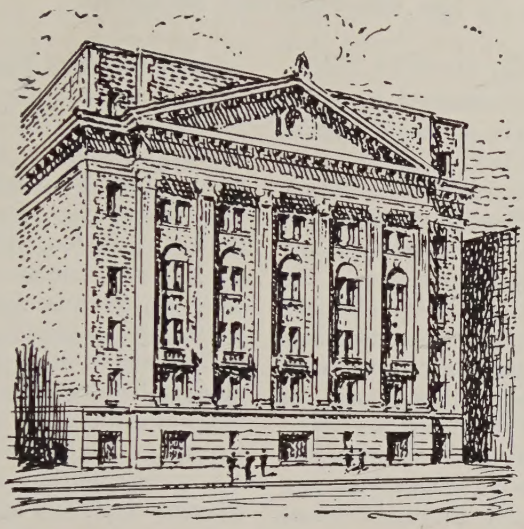
A PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE TO OUR PART-TIME CO-SPONSOR

MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Mr. G. Koomans, of Griffith, Indiana, in commenting on the assistance which Magikist Services, of Chicago, is lending to the broadcasting of the services of the Peoples Church over station WLS, had this to say in a letter which we published in our January issue:

"Many times I have asked how some stories of crime, filth and sex could find a sponsor or have listeners. I think it is a good sign that at least one company has enough faith in the decency of the American people to sponsor a program dedicated to humanitarian principles and spiritual progress. Yes, I believe it is wonderful."

Magikist Company is carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. every Sunday. Not only do I, as pastor of the Peoples Church, deeply appreciate this courtesy and encouragement to us, but every one of our members is grateful to the Magikist Company. We take this method of publicly expressing appreciation.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

The Study, March 19, 1959

JUNE and I returned yesterday from a trip in which we traveled by sea and land 7,823 miles. As I sit at my desk writing these words my heart is filled with gratitude that the journey was not marred by any illness, accident or unpleasantness. For this we are both deeply grateful. We have returned restored, rested, and looking forward anxiously to the services of Holy Week and the rest of our Sundays together for this season. Necessarily I must postpone any reference to our Palm Sunday, Holy Week and Easter services, for they are yet to come. I shall tell you about that next month.

We left Chicago on a cold Winter's day, February 25th, and sailed from New York on the RMS Mauretania Friday morning, February 27th. We were due to sail at 11 o'clock, but were delayed two hours by fog.

Soon after arriving on board the ship, about 9 o'clock, we were delighted to receive a call from the Chief Engineer, Mr. T. E. Williams. We have been on many voyages with Mr. Williams and were always honored by being seated at his table. Mr. Williams is Welsh by birth and has had an interesting career at sea. We have had the privilege of meeting his wife and charming daughter in Southampton, and it was like meeting an old and dear friend to see him again.

When the fog lifted we sailed and were soon headed towards the Ambrose Lightship and the Atlantic Ocean, arriving in Nassau in the Bahamas on Sunday, March the first, after traveling 945 miles.

No matter how often one leaves or enters the Port of New York, the center of attention is always the Statue of Liberty, which I have seen under all weather conditions, but which never ceases to arouse within me deep emotions inspired by what it means as a symbol of the free world. In a comparatively short time we turned southward from the Ambrose Lightship, and our restful, restorative days at sea began.

June and I went to our cabin and unpacked everything at once. It was too cold to enjoy the decks, so we took a stroll about the ship, seeing all the old familiar places and enjoying every moment of it. We have sailed so frequently on the Mauretania that in the truest sense it seems like a home to us. I love the Mauretania as I do no other ship and am looking forward to sailing again on her to Ireland on the 20th of June.

When you are going to be on a ship for a long time, one of the things in which you are deeply interested is, who will be your table companions? The Chief Engineer's table has places for eight. We did not know who would occupy the other places with the exception of the Chief Engineer. The people with whom one has to eat three times a day for eighteen days can have much to do with the enjoyment of the voyage. This year we were unusually fortunate. The first time the table passengers all met was at dinner on our day of sailing. Because of his duties in the engine room the Chief Engineer did not appear for dinner the first night out.

The custom is, when you assemble for the first time at the table to which you are assigned, that everyone introduces himself. At the right of the Chief

Engineer was Mrs. Ernest Brier, of Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Her late husband was an executive with Parke, Davis & Company. The moment she said Michigan, my ears perked up and I was delighted to know that she knew well a cousin of mine, Charles Beecher Warren and Mrs. Warren. Mr. Warren was former Ambassador to Japan and also to Mexico and was very prominent in Michigan in state and national affairs. His grandfather and my grandfather on my mother's side were brothers. We also had other mutual friends, which established rapport between us at once. At my left sat her daughter, Mrs. Frances A. Goodhue, Jr., who lives in Westchester County, New York. Mrs. Goodhue is a Vassar graduate and also a graduate in law and is practicing law. Her husband also is an attorney and is associated with the firm of which Thomas Dewey is a member. She has one of the finest minds I have ever known and an exceptionally brilliant personality. She brought along a copy of the Oxford Book of Verse and frequently quoted from the poems in our conversation. Her mother is a most unusual personality and is a woman of dynamic and unusual vitality. She indicated in many a conversation her independence of thinking and had no hesitancy about expressing an opinion. One knew exactly what she thought and where she stood in every conversation. It was a stimulating experience to be so closely associated with them during the entire cruise. Mrs. Goodhue not only practices her profession but she is also the mother of an eight-year-old boy who wrote her interesting letters during the voyage. Obviously she leads a very busy life as a home-maker, a mother, a lawyer and one who entertains socially a great deal. June and I look forward to preserving the friendships we made with them while they were our fellow-passengers.

At Mrs. Goodhue's left sat one of New York's well-known attorneys, Mr. John Sperry, who has a delightful sense of humor and who kept the entire table in laughter at every meal. One could write a one-act play around Mr. Sperry. He is a many-sided man and entertained us delightfully. His sense of humor was most sophisticated and enjoyable. He had recently entertained the Mayor of New York at a dinner which he prepared in his New York apartment. As an expert chef himself, it was interesting to get his comments on many of the dishes which were served on shipboard. His ideas in international affairs and local and national political situations in the United States were always interesting.

Next to Mr. Sperry at his left sat Mr. and Mrs. W. Rand Jones, of Mystic, Connecticut, who had already observed their 53rd wedding anniversary. Mr. Jones was over 80 and I never did find out how old Mrs. Jones was, but judging by her spirit, vitality, charm and her participation in the social affairs on the ship, she certainly did not look or act over sixty. They are the most delightful, interesting and friendly people I have ever met. They won the hearts of everyone who was privileged to meet them. We had many interesting visits together.

As I sit here at my Study desk and look back over the people at our table during the voyage I realize how fortunate we were. I am sure the friendships which we made will deepen with the years.

The Chief Engineer alternates, the last part of the voyage, with the Staff Chief Engineer, whose table is in the aft-dining room. This gave us an opportunity of meeting and knowing Mr. S. E. Stockham, the Staff Chief En-

gineer. He, too, won our hearts and we enjoyed him greatly. In fact, all the officers of the Mauretania on this cruise were exceptional personalities, beginning with the Captain, A. B. Fasting, R.D., R.N.R., with whom I had crossed the Atlantic before; the Staff Captain, P. A. Read, D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R.; Chief Engineer, T. E. Williams; the Chief Officer, P. W. Silson; Principal Medical Officer, A. C. K. Yates, D.S.C., M.B., Ch.M., F.R.C.S., whom we had previously known; and the Surgeon, W. L. Metcalf, M.B., B.S., from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; the Chief Steward, T. K. Amer, who delighted us all with his personality and graciousness; the Staff Purser, T. S. Hamilton, whom we knew from other voyages and who is a delightful personality; and the well-known and much admired Purser, C. G. Bellamy. I cannot conceive of their being a finer purser on any ship anywhere. We have often sailed with Mr. Bellamy, and his constant concern is for the well-being and enjoyment of every passenger aboard. His is a very responsible position. He is really a Public Relations Officer. Being the purser on a great liner is a difficult position. Mr. Bellamy is an Honorary member of the Rotary Club of Southampton, England, and early in the cruise arranged for a meeting of all Rotarians aboard the ship, as well as members of the Lions and Kiwanis, who had their respective meetings. I was invited by the Rotarian group to speak to them at their meeting held during the cruise. I enjoyed meeting with the group and was elected an Honorary member of the Rotary Group at Sea.

Usually it would be considered difficult to please everyone among 700 passengers, but never did I hear one single criticism of Mr. Bellamy. He was universally loved by the whole ship's company. I only hope he will be on the Mauretania when I sail in June.

I could spend more time than perhaps I ought in discussing the personalities of the officers on this cruise. One could devote a whole article to Captain Fasting: a charming, educated, quiet, resourceful person, who loves people and who mingled constantly with the passengers.

We attended divine service on the ship on a Sunday morning and under the Cunard tradition the Captain and the Staff Captain and the Chief Officer read the service of the Church of England. I have never heard it read better or more effectively than it was read by Captain Fasting, Captain Read and Chief Officer Silson.

Captain Fasting is considering on his retirement, which is not too far away, a lecture tour in America. I know that there are hundreds of passengers who have traveled with him on the high seas, scattered all over the United States, who would be delighted to entertain and to meet again Captain Fasting and Mrs. Fasting. He is an impressive and effective speaker, and I hope some lecture management will not lose the opportunity of presenting him and his interesting lecture on this side of the Atlantic.

Captain Read has had a most romantic and exciting career, for he, during the war, was a frogman in the British Navy and also maintains his interest in skin-diving. In one of our ports he did some diving on this trip. He, too, is a man of delightful personality and entered heartily into the social life of the ship whenever the life of his duties permitted.

The Cruise Director, Mr. V. Ogley, is well-known to many, many travelers throughout the United States and he is unsurpassed as a Cruise Director. For those who desired to participate in

the social activities of the ship and in the shore excursions in the ports, he was indispensable. His whole Staff, Mr. D. M. Bellows, Mr. E. Bingley, Mr. J. Dineen, Mr. R. Martin, Mr. J. Orchard, Mr. M. Palmer, Mr. C. F. Powell, Mr. J. Reeves, the Social Directresses, Miss M. P. Bancroft and Miss B. Spaulding, all contributed to the enjoyment of the cruise.

Miss Bancroft possesses an unusually lovely voice and charmed the passengers on more than one occasion with her singing. At the Sunday morning service she sang The Lord's Prayer by Malotte as beautifully as I have ever heard it, and I hear it frequently at funerals.

Summing up my tribute to the officers and the cruise staff, I conclude with a tribute to one of the most famous and beloved cruise lecturers on any ocean—Mr. Watterson Lowe, affectionately known as Watty by everyone who has ever met him. He has visited the West Indies time and time again and is thoroughly conversant with their history, their customs, their people and their civilization. Every day, preceding the arrival, he would always give a lecture on the next port and country. It was a travel education to hear him and the main lounge of the ship was always filled to overflowing. He has a delightfully refreshing sense of humor and every morning every passenger was given "the flower of the day," a little typewritten thought, containing wisdom and inspiration.

We have traveled several times with "Watty," and every time we love and admire him more. He, too, should come out into the mid-West and meet his old friends who have been at sea with him. He has thousands of them scattered over the nation. I would go a long way to hear "Watty" give a lecture on his experiences. He speaks most entertainingly, intimately and effortlessly. June and I think of him as a warm and personal friend. As we think of the ship, its officers and the cruise staff but a few hours after bidding them goodbye, our appreciation and gratitude to each one for their kindness and consideration on this cruise is unbounded. It was the most delightful eighteen days we have ever spent. I wish that every person, tired and weary with the din, confusion and pressure of these hectic days, could have the same opportunity of relaxing in the sun, enjoying the sea and the sky, as we have been privileged to do. I think of such a restful experience as an investment and not an expenditure. Visiting with people, so completely separate from one's own environment is stimulating. Seeing how the people of the tropical, Caribbean Islands live is a revealing sight. The differences deepen one's awareness of the problems which challenge our contemporary world.

* * *

I am going to continue next month the experiences which we had, particularly in Haiti, visiting the Albert Schweitzer Memorial Hospital, founded by Dr. Melon, 80 miles from Port au Prince. We were privileged to spend some time with Dr. Melon and to meet Dr. and Mrs. Percy, who also have a clinic in Haiti. Dr. Percy was for seven years with Dr. Schweitzer, but that story, and it is an interesting one, must remain for next month. I will also tell you of the delightful meeting which I had with Dr. U. G. Daily, who was Senior Surgeon on the staff of Provident Hospital in Chicago, who is now retired and living in Haiti.

* * *

I am going to close this preliminary story about our trip by telling you that sharing with us on this cruise was Mr.

and Mrs. H. P. Borer. Mr. Borer has recently retired as General Manager of the Cunard Line in the United States. He is now a member of the Board of the Cunard Company and acting in an advisory capacity. We had met Mrs. Borer on a previous cruise and were delighted to meet Mr. Borer. Mrs. Borer celebrated her birthday on board the Mauretania Monday evening, March 9th. June and I were most fortunate in being invited to this party, which was given by Captain Fasting and Mr. Vic Ogley. There were only 25 guests present from the passenger list, the other guests being made up of the officers of the ship and the Cruise Director's Staff. The dinner party was held in the aft lounge and was one of the most delightful occasions on the entire trip.

Mrs. Borer is a miracle woman. A serious operation on her spine resulted in her being hospitalized for three months recently, and yet she was the most active, energetic, vivacious personality on the entire ship. I have never known a woman with such energy: pleasing, gracious, charming, delightful. Even these adjectives do not do justice to her. She must be known and seen to be properly evaluated. Mr. Borer is of a more quiet, reserved character, but interesting and gracious.

Before we left Chicago we received a letter from a very dear friend, Mrs. Charles Ogilvy, of New York, with whom we have had a delightful friendship on past voyages, telling us that she was going to go on this cruise. We were saddened when we learned on shipboard that she was on the ship, but had come to the pier in an ambulance. She was confined most of the voyage to her room. June called on her several times and I also had some conversations with her during the voyage. It was very courageous of her to take the voyage under the circumstances, but I saw her the last night out and I am sure the voyage had refreshed her. She seemed in very good spirits and enjoys the sea so much that even though she was confined quite largely to her deck chair and her stateroom, she did receive great benefit from the voyage.

Mrs. Ogilvy is a subscriber to our Liberalist and reads it every month, and when she comes across these words I want her to know how much we regret not seeing her more often than we did. It is the ardent wish of both of us that she will have a complete restoration in health.

* * *

I close Along the Way this month with an ardent hope that Palm Sunday, Holy Week and Easter will be a deep experience in all of our lives. I am leaving in a few hours for Mason City, Iowa, where I am to speak tomorrow to the State Teachers' Convention of Iowa at a luncheon at noon, again in the afternoon, and in the evening I am to address a banquet of the Men's Club of the First Methodist Church of Mason City, where my friend, the Rev. Dr. George Truman Carl is the Pastor. Dr. Carl will be remembered perhaps by some of our readers as the distinguished Minister of the First Methodist Church of Park Ridge for many years. He is a dear friend of mine, a great student of Shakespeare, an authority on the poetry of Edwin Markham, a delightful soul, and I look forward to meeting him and being with him tomorrow.

* * *

I hope you will be interested in next month's Along the Way, for I shall go into detail about some of our West Indies experiences. I shall also include a report on our Holy Week in the church.

Keep looking up!

35 YEARS OLD!

With this April issue we start on our
36th year of publishing

THE LIBERALIST

The Liberalist has decided to run a campaign for subscribers.

If each subscriber would sign up another subscriber it would be a great help toward putting our magazine on a paying basis.

We are making a Spring Offer to our subscribers, or to any non-subscriber:

You secure five new subscribers to The Liberalist at $2 a year, and when you turn in the $10 to our church office with the names of the five new subscribers, you will receive a free Liberalist subscription for one year from the date of the expiration of your present subscription.

You believe in the Peoples Church.

You enjoy the Peoples Church and its benefits.

You will enjoy it better if you work for its various causes, and one of those causes is The Liberalist, which spreads the news of what our church is trying to do and is doing.

This special offer will hold good through April, May and June. It will close July 1st.

Gives us some good news to report by April 15th.

Perhaps some of our members know of a shut-in who would derive great pleasure from a gift subscription.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

NOTHING in this world of any value has ever been accomplished without effort and without overcoming resistance. That is the only way in which people become strong in any particular. Life is not what we find it; it is what we make it; and it is not what life does to us which matters; it is what we do to life.

A spirit of adventure brought to the physical universe has revolutionized that universe and our relations to it. While we must be realists and keep our feet upon the earth, it is also good to keep our faces toward the stars. There is nothing final, yet the world is full of people who, in the presence of some disastrous experience accept the verdict of that experience as a finality, which immediately closes the doors of greater adventure and greater opportunity. The man who says it cannot be done is usually pushed aside by the man who is doing it. Every great advance made in the history of the human race has been made in the face of discouragement and reactions from people who oppose it. Every great truth which has been of value to civilization has had to fight its way into acceptance. Life is never easy and was never meant to be.

The only real happiness in the world is the happiness of overcoming. The trail and the pathfinders, these are the men who have set the pace for us, and not the complainers and the cynics and the cry-babies who seem to think that life is all pre-determined and there is nothing we can do about it. It is not necessary to accept that which mutilates or destroys our own finest and highest selves, and it requires an adventuresome spirit and a pioneer character to face life on these terms, and yet if we could all develop that technique, we would find the compensations to be so great that life would take on an added distinction and a renewal of its charm.

There is nothing more beautiful in this world than attempting to express ourselves and to live life on the high plateaus of adventure and courage. This spirit of adventure comes from the strength and power we have built up within us. Let us utilize every experience, everything which touches the aura of our personalities, to the enrichment and the unfoldment of our inner selves, for life was made for victory and not for defeat.

"GET THE GLORY"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

NOVEMBER 2, 1958

IN A very recent issue of THE READERS DIGEST Alvin Williams, in an article in which the word "glory" appeared in the title, opened his article with an incident that many of us have had the opportunity of having duplicated in our own lives. I know I have had the experience several times, and each of these experiences I could easily recall. He was travelling on a train. It had been a long, tedious journey for him and he was desperately weary and tired. It was some years ago, before air conditioning and all the increase of comforts which have come to railroad travel. The night came on. His train pulled on a siding near a little village. It was becoming dark. He leaned against the back of the seat and looked out to a winter's night. As he did so, there came out of a cluster of brush near the train a little deer, a fawn, and this deer stood in the dusk against the background of the whiteness of the snow and the silent train (for it was stopped) and gazed a moment at the train. He looked at this little deer, and soon other passengers saw it. They too came over to his side of the car and looked out of the window. The whole atmosphere of that coach was transformed! "For a moment", he said, "I had a sense of glory, a moment of sublimation, a moment when the tiredness all disappeared, and the little petty worries and anxieties which had been going through my mind all the afternoon suddenly disappeared! There was a moment of glory!" That immediately suggested my thought for you this morning: the moment of glory! Recapturing some precious moment in life when, as though there had been some mighty revelation and as a result of it, to you, there had come a great sense of peace, a great moment of illumination! There are far too few of these moments in our lives! Most of us are pretty concerned most of the time about the detail of living: we're worried about jobs; we're worried about money; we're worried about family; we're worried about what's happening in the world—we're just surfeited with a sense of anxiety and we haven't hardly a moment of repose, a moment of spiritual illumination! We fail to GET THE GLORY! I have had moments like that and so have you. I shall never forget one Fall coming back to Chicago after the summer holiday into a hot September day after we had left the coolness and the beauty of the pine forests of Minnesota. Mother and I sat on the top of a double-deck bus (those were the days when we had the double-deck buses in Chicago) and we went up on top of the bus and sat down. We weren't going anywhere. Those were the days when simplicity was such that you could enjoy a bus ride and then at the end of the ride have a nice chocolate ice cream soda and go back home! Those were the simple things, the simple things of life, and they were beautiful! Beautiful! And as we rode down through Lincoln Park on the top of that bus on a hot, sultry day something happened! There seemed to be a moment of such indescribable peace, right amidst the city's

clamor and the heat of a September afternoon! Something happened! I had a moment of glory—and I can recapture that moment at will! I thought of it right in the midst of our lovely solo this morning—a moment of glory! I had one yesterday when I stood beside a family of five girls who had lost their father in death! Twenty years ago I stood beside them at the loss of their mother, and that father had become mother and father to them for all of these years, and now he was leaving! And those five girls, and one of them has four children (there were seventeen grandchildren and seven greatgrandchildren around his casket) and as I stood by their side yesterday afternoon in the chapel there were tears—of course there were tears—there were broken hearts—of course there were broken hearts—but each one of those lovely daughters turned to me and smiled through their tears: "We have had such a wonderful father!" Moment of glory! In the depths of grief! Moment of glory in the depths of grief! Thursday afternoon I stood under the roof of the house in which I was born, where I could look out of the window to the hillside where rests Mother and Jimmy! And as I stood in that little home, which it seems has grown more tiny with the years, I looked out of the window and saw the beauty of the autumnal leaves, the gold of the maple tree that I knew and loved as a boy, the rhythmic, poetical falling of those leaves, their rustling as I walked through them—I had a moment of glory! All of the other things that have hurt and scarred and disappointed in life all disappeared! It was a moment of glory, of illumination! Early in the week I stood in a hospital nearby at the bedside of a dear little woman, her life ebbing out, and she knows it, with an incurable condition. As I sat by her side and held her withered hands she said to me: "Dr. Bradley, I want to plan my funeral service with you today!" And we planned it together. She told me just what she wanted. She told me everything about what she wanted to happen. I closed my eyes. A smile on her face! No revolt! She said: "I have tried to do what I could to make life beautiful! I've tried to do my best! I'm not afraid!" Why should she be? No one ever has to be afraid of death who has treated life well—no one! And she smiled at me and said: "Perhaps the next time you see me I will be gone!", and she smiled! I had a moment of glory! The same kind of a moment that that aviator had who told us that remarkable, dramatic, climatic story of his great plane filled with passengers in the midst of a terrific and unprecedented storm, which gave no advance warning, and he dashed into the heart of it just as he was to ascend the Rockies. And for a moment, this aviator tells us, he sat there. Wasn't quite sure whether he could make it, but there was no hysteria, no panic. He said: "I resolved to use all my skill and I said a little prayer: 'See me through!' " And hardly was the prayer finished when—a burst of sunlight—and he looked down and saw the aviator's cross! The aviator's cross: the shadow of a plane on the clouds always forms a cross! And this aviator looked at this cross in the sun and flew up over the snowy peaks of the Rockies out into the eternal blue and set his plane down safely in the Los Angeles airport! He had a moment of glory! Why don't we have more moments like that? Have you had a moment of glory lately? Why don't we have more moments like that? The cynic never has them—no cynic ever has a moment of glory! They're denied them! Only people who love and who sacrifice and who dream and who hope have the moments of glory! I know, and can

recapture, a moment of glory at the end of a portage from Lake Vermillion on the way to Little Bass Lake when we came out of the portage onto a rock which overlooks that little bundle of turquoise beauty nestled there among the pines. And I have reached that rock more than once in my life and looked down at that little blue lake, which I have shared so often with those I love and which, to me, is as sacred as any cathedral! And there I stand, and the moment of glory comes and all of the pettiness of life is washed away and the littleness of life—do you know why more people do not have great moments? Because they're spending all their time and energy having little moments—little moments of jealousy, of envy, of fear, of hate, little moments—that the great moment of glory never comes! I have only one purpose in the sermon this morning, just one. I hope I have reached the realization of it, for it would be a moment of glory for me, and that is that we have lifted our minds and our hearts in these sacred moments until the glory—the glory—shines in! I hope you have all had a moment of glory! And now, into every heart and every life, might there flow a new spirit and a new tide! Might each one of us go back to the realities of life — to every problem, burden, anxiety and care—fortified by a moment of glory! Might we see the aviator's cross on the clouds while our plane of life is pointed toward the skies!

A Thank You From the Choir To the Seccor Family

On Friday evening, February 27th, the Choir were most graciously entertained by the C. Seccor family.

The guests were greeted at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Seccor and the organ strains of the Choir Processional, played by the very talented young George Seccor.

A very delicious dinner was served in the Seccor's attractive recreation room.

After dinner kodachrome slides of recent vacation scenes were shown, and a number of beautiful organ selections were played by George Seccor.

It was a memorable and delightful evening and the hospitality shown will long be a cherished memory in the heart of every member of the Choir, who take this means of expressing their thanks to a grand family.

BOOK CHATS

WE would like our readers to be familiar with the Capricorn Books published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with heavy pamphlet-type paper covers, in editions that sell for $1.15, $1.25 and $1.35. Three of these are on our desk at the moment: *What Life Should Mean to You,* by Alfred Adler, the great psychiatrist who had a genius for individual personality that exceeded even the trained instincts of his only peers, Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung; *Modes of Thought,* by Alfred North Whitehead. This latter was written 20 years ago from lectures delivered by Mr. Whitehead at Wellesley, the University of Chicago and Harvard. It deals mainly with the modes and processes of logical thought, and warns of the pitfalls inherent in inadequate or muddled definition. It has become a basic text for psychologists, political scientists, modern linguists, anthropologists, etc., and has had a profound influence on literary theorists and students of esthetics, in the direction of discipline and order. The first of the Capricorn books is *Art as Experience,* by John Dewey, which E. S. Bates speaks of as "The crown of his philosophy and the most important contribution to aesthetics that America has yet produced." This book has acquired an international reputation since its first publication in 1934 and has run through ten large printings in the United States alone. The aforementioned books are the third, fifth and first of the Capricorn Books. The second is Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge, by Rainer Maria Rilke, which is a superbly written memoir of the intellectual development of the greatest German poet since Goethe. The notebooks have served as inspiration for intellectual youth for almost fifty years and are an important text of the Existentialists. The fourth book is Clive Bell's *Art,* a most important book by one of the prime theorists of art in our century. Bell's concept of significant form has led the way for 20th-century aesthetics. The sixth book in the first six Capricorn Books is *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,* by Henry Adams. The publishers say of this book: "A book no cultivated man should have missed, according to Professor Ashley Montagu. This is a beautifully written and disturbingly convincing account of the eventual destiny of the American dream." There is an introduction by Brooks Adams.

I started to mention first of all, the book by Alfred Adler, *What Life Should Mean to You.* The title is arresting. Are there not many people to whom life does not mean very much? And does it mean enough to any of us? And just what does it mean? There are chapters on The Meaning of Life—Mind and Body—Feelings of Inferiority and Superiority—Early Memories—Dreams—Family Influences—School Influences—Adolescence—Crime and Its Prevention—Occupation—Man and Fellow Men—Love and Marriage.

I turned to the chapter on Crime and Its Prevention, and noted that Adler says "we find the same kind of failure exhibited in criminals as in problem children, neurotics, psychotics, suicides, drunkards and sexual perverts. They all fail in their approach to the problems of life; and, in one very definite and noticeable point, they fail in precisely the same way. Every one of them fails in social interest. They are not

concerned with their fellow beings." Mr. Adler claims, however, that no one can be held up as an example of perfect cooperation or perfect social feeling; and the failures of criminals are only a severer degree of common failures. Later on in this chapter, after citing many definite cases of crime committed, quoting the reasons given by the criminal, Mr. Adler says, "With the criminal, as with the neurotic, we can do absolutely nothing, unless we can succeed in winning him for co-operation. I cannot stress this point too strongly: everything is secured if we can win the interest of the criminal for human welfare, if we can win his interest for other human beings, if we can train him for co-operation, if we can set him on the way towards solving the problems of life by co-operative means. If we fail to do this, we can do nothing. The task is not quite as simple as it looks. . . . We must find the roots of his pattern . . . where his failures first began and the circumstances which first provoked them. The main features of his personality had already been decided by the time he was four or five years old. . . We must look for the first development of his attitude." There is a great deal in this one chapter which would be helpful to any mother in bringing up any child, normal or otherwise.

The opening of the chapter on Love and Marriage stresses this same idea of co-operation and tells of an old custom in a certain district of Germany for testing whether an engaged couple are suited for married life together. Before the wedding ceremony, the bride and groom are brought to a clearing where a tree trunk has been cut down. Here they are given a two-handed saw and set to work to saw the trunk across. By this test it is found out how far they are willing to co-operate with each other.

Mr. Adler contends that in marriage each partner must be more interested in the other than in himself, and there must be equality for this to be so, for neither partner can feel subdued or overshadowed. You must feel that you are worth while, that you cannot be replaced, that your partner needs you, that you are acting well, that you are a fellow man and a true friend. And we quote again: "It is not possible for a partner in a co-operative task to accept a position of subservience. Two people cannot live together fruitfully if one wishes to rule and force the other to obey."

Without a doubt this is the finest chapter on love and marriage that I have yet read. To be able to secure this book—*What Life Should Mean to You* —by Alfred Adler, for $1.25, is something for which we should be so grateful that we would all buy the book just to encourage the publishing of more Capricorn books, if not for the great blessing the book can be to its readers.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

THE GREAT INVOCATION

From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let light stream forth into the minds of men.
Let Light descend on earth.
From the point of Love within the Heart of God
Let love stream forth into the hearts of men.
From the center where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men—
The purpose which the Master knows and serves.
From the center which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out.
And may it seal the door where evil dwells.
Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan on Earth.

National Library Week,

April 12 through 18

A good week to become acquainted with your Public Library and its 55 branches.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT'S terribly cold today, in mid-March, yet I heard a few notes from a bird the other morning which reminded me that soon the robbins will be singing "cheer-up, cheer-up." So in my hopefulness I'm keeping cheery, though it's so cold outside!

I found in our files the other day a poem by our well-known Chicago poet, Hilda Butler Farr, and because it was titled "Another Spring," I picked it out of the file and placed it in the April envelope for the Liberalist.

ANOTHER SPRING

I'm glad I've lived to see another Spring;
To watch again the grass becoming green;
To hear once more the bird's delightful song
And see the flowers bloom upon the scene.

I'm glad I've lived to see another Spring;
To revel in the change upon the earth;
To see the leaves unfolding on the trees
As children play and share in nature's birth.

I'm glad I've lived to see another Spring;
To feel once more her gentle, warm caress;
Because men cannot halt these miracles
Despite the power they feel that they possess.

* * *

As I read the words of "Good Company" by Karle Wilson Baker, I thought how unmindful we are most of the time of this "Good Company" we keep:

GOOD COMPANY

Today I have grown taller
from walking with the trees,

These seven sister-poplars
who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter
for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall
and hung above the pine.
The call-note of a redbird
from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me
to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned
from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—
these holy folk of thine?

* * *

Mr. A. E. Housman, when he wrote "Loveliest of Trees," must have been in tune with Hilda Butler Farr, or she with him when she wrote "Another Spring":

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

I know that when Mr. Housman wrote the above, at twenty, he was younger than Hilda Butler Farr when she wrote "Another Spring," yet they were both glad they had lived to see another spring.

* * *

SYMBOL

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom—
Until there comes, each showery spring,
A cherry tree in bloom;
And Christ who died upon a tree
That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me,
In blossoms, everywhere.

David Morton

* * *

MY GARDEN

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the
eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Thomas Edward Brown

* * *

WHO KNOWS A MOUNTAIN?

Who knows a mountain?
One who has gone
To worship its beauty
In the dawn;
One who has slept
On its breast at night;
One who has measured
His strength to its height;

One who has followed
Its longest trail,
And laughed in the face
Of its fiercest gale;
One who has scaled its peaks,
And has trod
Its cloud-swept summits
Alone with God.

Ethel Romig Fuller

I just had to put that one in, because I know a mountain, and love them. * * *

Said Ralph Waldo Emerson in "Woodnotes":

GOD HIDE THE WHOLE WORLD IN THY HEART

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities;
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind;
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hide the whole world in thy heart.

* * *

NATURE AND RELIGION

Where shall we get religion?
Beneath the open sky,
The sphere of crystal silence
surcharged with deity.
The winds blow from a thousand ways
and waft their balms abroad,

The winds blow toward a million goals—
but all winds blow from God.

The stars the old Chaldeans saw
still weave their maze on high
And write a thousand thousand years
their bible in the sky.
The midnight earth sends incense up,
sweet with the breath of prayer—
Go out beneath the naked night
and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion?
Beneath the blooming tree,
Beside the hill-encircled brooks
that loiter to the sea;
Beside all twilight waters,
beneath the noonday shades.
Beneath the dark cathedral pines,
and through the tangled glades;
Wherever the old urge of life
provokes the dumb, dead sod
To tell its thought in violets,
the soul takes hold on God.
Go smell the growing clover,
and scent the blooming pear,
Go forth to seek religion—
and find it anywhere.

Sam Walter Foss.

Just thinking about Spring brought on this desire for poetry about nature and its delights. But why not? According to old tradition, people began to give the body sulphur and molasses at this time of year, so why not the cleansing breath of poetry for our soul's sake?

All of the poems, except for Hilda Butler Farr's, were taken from the beautiful anthology of Thomas Curtis Clark, "1000 Quotable Poems." The anthology is a veritable treasure house of quotable poems, with indexes under subjects, authors, titles and first lines; and it contains volumes one and two.

* * *

Dr. Bradley gave an address at the headquarters Center of the Senior Centers of Metropolitan Chicago, at 1149 N. LaSalle Street. It was a nostalgic moment for him, as this Center occupies the old home which housed The Uptown Players at the time their Founder and Director, J. Bradley Griffin, passed on. Some of our readers may not know that "Jimmie," as he was known to all our members, was Dr. Bradley's foster son. The following letter came from Mrs. Edith Close, Director of Counselling at the Center:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The members of our Center as well as the staff wish to express their gratitude for the fine talk which you gave to us. It was tailor-made for our group and was exactly right in every respect.

It was a pleasure to discover how many of our people hear you regularly every Sunday, either over the air or by attending your church. A great many of them think of you as their pastor and friend.

I just heard an expression from one of our members which deserves passing on. Our man from Holland, who is so pleased that you visit his homeland, said: "Dr. Bradley speak in my heart and not in my face."

Please accept our warm "thank you" for your service to us. Our thoughts will go with you on your trip to Europe. May it be a happy and rewarding one. We hope that you will talk to us again after your return.

Again, accept our thanks.
Sincerely yours,
Edith Close,
Director of Counseling.

* * *

On sationery of Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company of Charlotte, North Carolina, came this interesting letter from one who listened while driving through Indiana:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My wife and I have just returned from a two-week vacation in Evanston and Chicago, visiting Northwestern's Homecoming for the first time since I graduated in 1948. On Sunday morn-

ing, while driving back down through Indiana toward Louisville, we listened to your broadcast over Station WLS and found it a most rewarding and inspiring way to spend an hour. Your low-pressure yet powerful delivery is a sincere pleasure to listen to and enjoy. I am sorry that we cannot hear your broadcasts on a regular basis.

We were most impressed by the reading, "The Man in the Glass," and were wondering if you might send us a copy. Sentiments such as found in that poem are sadly needed in our current life. I have noticed a profound lack of integrity in many people employed in television, and I am certain that this is not the only industry so affected.

I will look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially yours,
Robert L. Rierson,
Program Operations Manager.

One can appreciate Mr. Rierson's expression in the letter, "Your low-pressure yet powerful delivery" when we think of some of the "high-pressure" advertising one listens to via radio and TV. One often longs for the more "quiet-toned" approach.

I am reminded of the way our broadcasting of advertisements on the radio or TV affected some visitors to Dr. Bradley's home from Ireland. When the story would be suddenly interrupted and an advertisement would come on, the Rev. John McCleery and his wife would burst into laughter because it struck them as ludicrous. Of course they are not accustomed in Ireland or any part of Great Britain, to the "frustration and inconveniences" of our radio advertising.

* * *

The following letter is evidently in response to Dr. Bradley's appearance on the Don McNeill Breakfast Club, and comes from Chateauguay, Province of Quebec, Canada, from a Scotch-lady. So often we hear the expression "the dour Scot," but this letter belies that description of a Scot:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was so refreshing to hear a minister with a keen sense of humor that I, a Scot not long here, thought I'd tell you a wee story—a rare one.

I was visiting my home town, a little place just out of Glasgow, where everybody knows everybody else. At the graveyard I remarked to the grave digger that he seemed to be "gey busy, for December".

"Oh, aye," said he, "during that mild spell we did naething at a' but this cauld snap is bringin' them awa' fine."

It took me a wee while to recover—then I thought—"It's every man to his own trade."

I like Canada fine but miss my ain wee corner. At the moment I'm listening to "Will ye no' come back again?" Hope so!

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Grace L. Anarm

It is always pleasant to hear from our sister country, and Dr. Bradley appreciated hearing from Mrs. Anarm.

* * *

Our readers will recall that last month we published a letter written by Reuben Hedlund to his young sister on her tenth birthday. His father had given the letter to Dr. Bradley. We have just received from Mr. Hedlund, Sr., a letter which was written to him by one of Dr. Bradley's listeners, who read the son's letter in the Mail Bag and we thought you would be interested in this reaction to one of our Mail Bag letters:

Dear Mr. Hedlund:

Because of our interest in the young folks of today, I can't resist taking

advantage of this opportunity to let you know how much each and every one of us enjoyed the article in the Liberalist, quoting the letter of your son to his younger 10 year old sister.

I listen to Dr. Bradley every Sunday and enjoy the services from the Peoples Church so much. The hour spent has done so much to broaden my understanding and I do think Dr. Bradley has been instrumental in helping my accomplishments as a Mother in trying to properly train our young folks.

We have such a lovely and interesting family today—three married sons and one single daughter. Beryl lives in Oak Park and has a responsible position with Sears and we are so proud of her too.

They were all home yesterday and I had a good chance to let them read your article. Your children must have had good training and the right background and it does my heart good to know other parents are trying, just as Andy and I have done. We clown around so much, laughing and playing jokes on each other, all having a sense of humor and yet we have our serious moments. So often I wish that all parents might enjoy their family as we do.

Our most sincere regards to you all.

Mrs. A. P. Bruch.

What an interesting outcome of a letter being published in the Mail Bag.

* * *

We came across a letter which had somehow become misplaced. It was written last fall and was from a dear friend of Dr. Bradley's, the Rev. Edward H. Bull, retired Pastor of the St. James Presbyterian Church of Tower, Minnesota. The Rev. Bull now resides in the Masonic Home at 11400 Normandale Road, Minneapolis 20, Minnesota. He sent a poem which he had clipped from the Sunshine Magazet:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The enclosed poem from Sunshine magazine I was prevented from sending earlier, by sickness. Was in our infirmary for nearly six weeks.

I had noted your birthday celebration, and thought it in keeping with your birthday musings.

I recall with pleasure the post card you sent me from Ireland and felt that I was one among your friends you had not forgotten.

It is remarkable how you have kept up your strength.

My affectionate regards to Mrs. Bradley, yourself and Mrs. May Harrison.

Sincerely,
Edw. H. Bull.

* * *

The poem Rev. Bull enclosed was the Editor's favorite poem for the month in Sunshine Magazet, and was entitled "The Afterglow," by Tabitha Marie Ritzmann. Above the poem were these words:

"The evening of a well-spent life brings its lamps with it." Joseph Jounert.

At times we look ahead and wonder
How it may be when our working days
have passed,
And we shall have the leisure time to choose
Our own activities at last.

The sun, upon completion of a busy day
Reflects a special beauty in its afterglow—
A glory mild and far more beautiful
Than noonday sunbeams know.

So may it be when our workaday is over
That our added years may be in part
A peaceful benediction,
A kindly glow and warmth of heart.
When blessings shared with others may
Reflect into the giver's life each day!

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—Sermon. Peoples Church. a.m. WLS
Sermon, Peoples Church, 7 p.m.
Broadcast WCFL.
Broadcast WSEL.
2—Two funerals.
3—In Detroit, Michigan.
4—Rehearsal. Chicago Business Men's Orchestra.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
5—Working in Study.
6—Read "Portrait of Lincoln" with Chi. Business Men's Orch.
7—Wedding.
Sick calls.
8—Sermon. Peoples Church. a.m. WLS
Sermon. Peoples Church, 7 p.m.
Broadcast WCFL.
Funeral
Broadcast. WSEL.
10—Address. "Preston Bradley" Day, Lions Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Address. Temple Mizpah Men's Club.
11—Funeral.
Address. Chicago Senior Center.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
12—Channel 11. TV. Address. Symposium with Dr. Herbert M. Phillips on Albert Schweitzer.
13—Funeral.
Address. Congregation Shaare Tikvah.
14—Wedding.
15—Sermon. Peoples Church. a.m. WLS.
Address. Memorial Service.
Samuel Druck.
Broadcast WCFL.
Address. Opening Agricultural meeting, Edgewater Beach
Broadcast WSEL.
Address. Brotherhood Service. Prof. Laurence C. Jones, of Piney Woods; Theodore Richardson & Choir of Metropolitan Church.
17—Luncheon conference, Bismarck Hotel, re People to People Program. Maj. Chapralis.
Meeting with Atty. McIntosh and Mrs. Peter Reisenhus.
18—Address. Park View Senior Citizens Home.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
19—Address. Chicago Public Library.
Funeral.
Worked in Study.
20—Worked in Study.
Cut records. WCFL.
Address. Ushers Club Dinner.
Address. Congregation B'nai Emunah, Skokie.
Two hospital calls.
21—Funeral.
Wedding.
Sick calls.
22—Sermon. Peoples Church. a.m. WLS.
Address. "Brotherhood." Berean Baptist Church.
Broadcast WCFL.
Brotherhood Service. Peoples Church.
Broadcast. WSEL.
23—Funeral.
Called on James C. King Home for Men, Evanston.
Funeral.
Sick calls.
24—Funeral.
Address. Bethany Union Church.
Worked in Study.
25—Address. Dental Society, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Funeral.
Left for New York.

FUNERALS

2—Mr. Oscar Vogel.
Miss Evelyn Messenger.
8—Mr. Benjamin Johnson.
11—Mr. William Kenney.
13—Mr. Daniel Noelck.
19—Dr. R. J. DeMotte.
21—Mr. J. Lewis Meinert.
23—Mr. Henry C. Oakes.
24—Mr. Leroy Dougherty.

WEDDINGS

7—Rena Spence and Edgar Philip
14—Eunice M. Zozaski and William R. Eggleston.
21—Sylvia Clouse and Seymour Kayne.

CHRISTENINGS

1—Thomas Anthony Herman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herman.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning service (broadcast by WLS direct from church) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

Wednesday evening Book Reviews (January and February) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall. ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, Tuesday, April 14th, Annual Election and Reports of Officers. Luncheon ..... 12.30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Wednesday, April 8th, Visit to Buddhist Church, 1155 W. Leland Avenue, Buddha's Birthday Celebration ..... 8:00 p.m.
Sunday, April 12th, Art Exhibit and Ox Bow Travelogue; also Loretta Grellner, of Ox Bow School; Arwin Schweig, bass soloist and Madeline Jacobsen, accompanist—Public invited ..... 3:30 p.m.

Men's Club, Tuesday, April 28th, will present Don Juan Fernandez, stockbroker, with Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., of Chicago, who will speak on "The Space-Atomic Age and Investment." ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Service Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11:00 p.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon ..... 9:30 p.m.

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